

Worlds Apart

...And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead

Random lost souls have asked me
I say "I don't know does it matter?"
"What's the future of rock'n'roll?"
Neither much worse nor much better
This and that scene,
They sound all the same to me We're so fucked these days
We don't know who to hate or who to praise
When we're so privileged, a fact
Yet we consider this our suffering and pain
We all forget about as We go whining all over the place.
How we've laughed as they shoveled the ashes
For this candy store of ours.
Wrath hath soured
Blood and death, we will pay back the debt
Look at those cunts on MTV With their cars, and cribs, and rings and shit
Look, boys and girls, here's BBC
Is that what being a celebrity means?
See corpses, rapes, and amputees
What do you think now of the American dream?
And our soccer moms and dads I know that they sleep at night
Who raised us brats on these TV ads
They've convinced themselves of that
Their conscience is intact Giving money to Jesus Fucking H Christ
Blood and death, we will pay back the debt
How they laughed as we shoveled the ashes
Of the twin towers
For this candy store of ours.

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